

The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

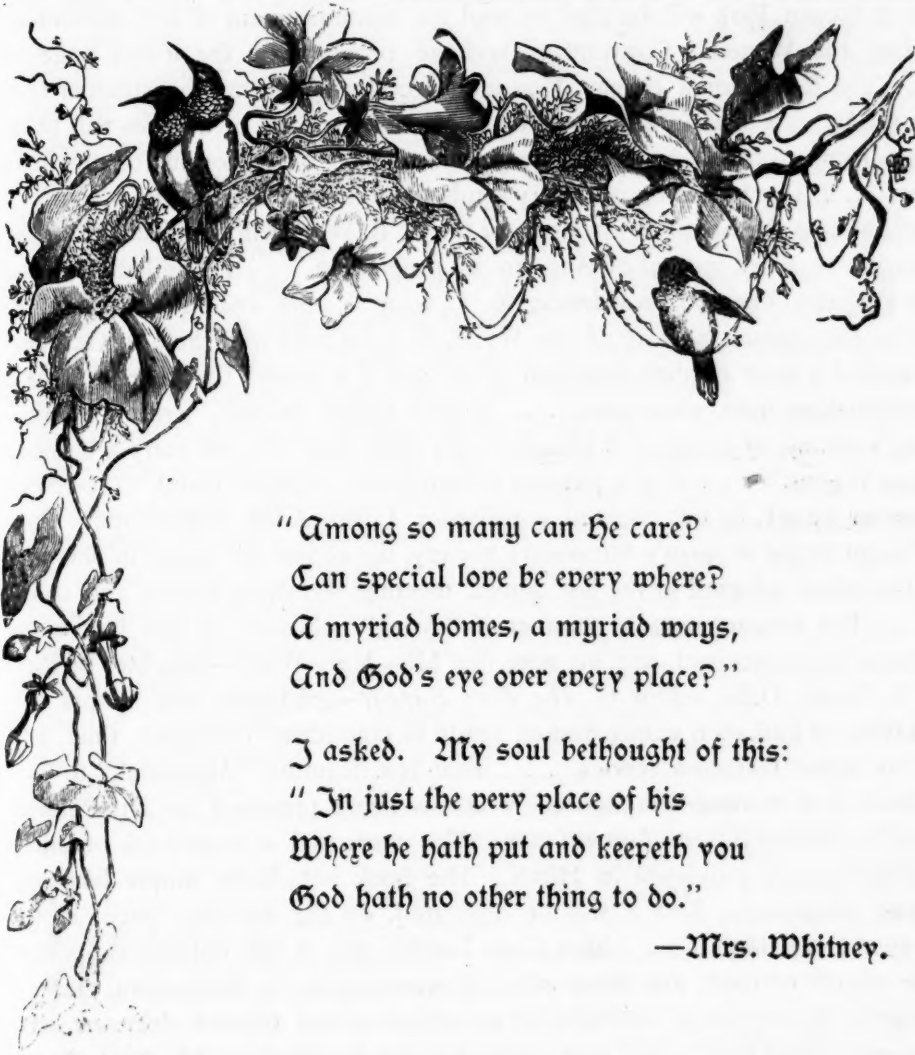
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

VOL. XX.

JULY, 1897.

No. 7



" Among so many can He care?
Can special love be every where?
A myriad homes, a myriad ways,
And God's eye over every place? "

I asked. My soul bethought of this:
" In just the very place of his
Where he hath put and keepeth you
God hath no other thing to do."

—Mrs. Whitney.

Working Notes.—May this month prove a blessed one, dear workers, whether spent on the farm, in the city, or by the sea. Two of the HELPER's long-time friends tell "How To Make the Best of It," from their own experience. A fellow-worker writes, "I fully believe what Ruskin says, 'What the world needs now is to be told the story of every-day life and people, not remarkable events, nor what uncommon people did, but what the men and women like you and me said and did; how they met life, what they made of it, just as we have to meet life and make it a blessing or a curse.'" . . . Those who are looking forward to a visit to Ocean Park will be glad to read the announcement of the committee regarding the Woman's Convention, and the program on the fourth page of cover. The Educational Bureau does much good work during the summer that could not be specified in a brief article. Mission workers of all ages will prize the opportunity offered by the kindergarten mission class conducted by Miss Burpee. . . . The recording secretary sends the following item, "On account of special business the board of managers of the F. B. W. S. will be called Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 10 A. M., instead of Aug. 20, as programmed." . . . The ladies of the Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., wish to have continuous attention called to the annual meeting of the W. M. S. to be held with them in October. They extend a most cordial invitation to all, and it is hoped that there will be a large delegation from each state. . . . A well known worker, writing of Mrs. Ramsey's volume of poems, "A Censer," very truly says, "It will carry a blessing wherever it goes." . . . It is a pleasure to introduce "Mission Gems" (reviewed on another page), by our talented contributor, Lillian Adele Tourtillotte. As a compliment to the Woman's Missionary Society, the copies are bound in blue and gold, the colors adopted at the last annual meeting, signifying fidelity and solidity. . . . The commencement number of "Ariel," published by the University of Minnesota, is received, and we note that Miss Mary Ward—daughter of Rev. John T. Ward, D.D., editor of *The Free Baptist*—graduates with honors. It is gratifying to find such young women ready to consecrate education, time, and talent to active Christian service. . . . That is a beautiful "Memorial," to one who loved and worked for children, which is being prepared for Dr. Phillips. The *India Sunday School Journal* says, "The memorial is to be a life of Christ for children, to be published in Hindi. The book is to be in simple language and well illustrated. And it will be dedicated, on the opening page, to the memory of Dr. Phillips." . . . Miss Clara Landes, who is sent out and supported by the church of God, and lives with our missionaries in Midnapore, closes a very careful description of our field, in an article in the *Church Advocate*, with this appeal, "Pray God to call very clearly his own workmen, and that his chosen ones may be not only willing but glad to come to this precious and needy work."

Around the World.—A missionary society in New York asks its members to sign this pledge, "Because I believe it to be my duty to inform myself of the spread of Christ's kingdom in the world, I hereby promise to spend at least one half-hour each week in reading missionary literature." . . . San Francisco, with 18,000 Chinese population, 15 pagan temples, 96 houses of ill-fame, 89 opium dens, 13 highbinder camps, gambling dens innumerable, and underground recesses black as Tartarus and full of misery, crime, and squalor, continues to be the great center of missionary operations on this continent. Never before have we seen in San Francisco's Chinatown such an interest in the gospel as during the past year.—*Gospel in All Lands*. . . . In 1861 Fiji was cannibal *in toto*. To-day 90,000 Fijians gather every Sunday to hear the preaching of the word; and the Bible is the school-book, and prized above all other books. . . . The "Bible-basket" is an indispensable requisite in the Hervey Group of South Sea Islands. It is neatly plaited the exact size to contain a thick octavo Bible, a hymn-book, a lead pencil, and a pair of spectacles. Every churchgoer, man or woman, is equipped with one of these baskets suspended from the shoulder. It is the custom to take notes of the sermon, as the head of the household invariably catechizes each member on return. This is a good suggestion from the South Sea Islands! . . . China has 850 ordained ministers (native and foreign). If she had ministers in same proportion to population as prevails in the United States and Ontario, the number would be 540,000. Is the Lord pleased with this startling inequality? China—one ordained minister to every 470,000 of the people. Ontario and the United States—one to 740. As many Protestant ministers in Toronto (population 182,000) as male missionaries in the Continent of South America (population 37,000,000). . . . The English and German missionaries in East Africa introduced the custom of hoisting a white flag with a red cross upon it in their stations on Saturdays, to remind the natives that the morrow would be the Sabbath. The people have consequently come to call Sunday "Flag-day." . . . There is actual famine in every province of India. But the beginning has hardly yet come. Thus far the distress is due to the rise in prices because of speculation. On Jan. 29 it was officially reported that the number of persons on "relief works" and in poorhouses was 1,750,000. On Feb. 10, a little less than two weeks later, the number had grown to 2,700,289, an increase of nearly one million in this brief period.—*Review of Missions*. . . . At a recent meeting of the church missionary society in England the Bishop of Newcastle gave the following tribute to the work of American missionaries in India, "If the rate of missionary progress during the next century in India is what it has been for the past twenty years, India will mainly owe its Christianity not to the church of England, whose responsibility is really greater, but to American Christians, who do not worship with us, but who are realizing more than we churchmen what evangelizing a great country means."

"KALI-GHAT."



SIVA.

CALCUTTA, the capital of the great empire of India, presented to us many features of interest. It is called the palace city, yet, while it has many beautiful buildings, I do not think that it equals Bombay in this respect.

The government house, which is really a palace, is situated on the north side of the esplanade, in the midst of six or eight acres of beautiful grounds. The Town Hall, the Legislative Council-chamber, the High Court, the Small-cause Court, the Treasury, the Currency Office, the Telegraph Office, the General Post-office, the Custom-house, hospitals—all these, with school, college, and university buildings, and the Dalhousie Institute,

present a scene quite European. Add to this the government officials and the rich merchants, with their families, which are met under various circumstances, and some might perhaps naturally ask, "What is the need of sending missionaries to India?" But one need only get a look from the old Lal Bazaar chapel, where Carey and Judson have stood, and watch the scenes about it; visit the *bustis*, or native villages, all about between the streets, where the common people are crowded together in straw or mud huts, and filth abounds; and then think of the regions beyond, where, in city and jungle, idolatry reigns, with its degradation, to feel the need of missionaries.

Kali-Ghat (the landing-place of Kali the goddess) is the name from which Calcutta is derived. Here, upon a branch of the sacred Ganges, are some of the most noted temples in India. They are old and fast falling into ruin; but the people flock there to worship the black goddess and to bathe in the river. This goddess Kali has eyes of diamonds and a necklace of human bones. She is called the blood-thirsty goddess, and is represented as standing upon her husband, with her tongue protruding. Like almost every other traveler to Calcutta, I visited the temple of Kali-Ghat. Though early in the morning, already a



KALI-GHAT.

crowd of women and children—pilgrims—were waiting for the dingy, dilapidated temple to open. Some of them looked very weary, but many, huddled into groups, were chanting their hymns. Close by, in a court, the sacrifices are offered, and the pools of blood about the yoke into which the neck is thrust, and from which the head is severed by a single blow, showed that sacrifices had recently been slain. Here for the first time I beheld that most revolting emblem of Siva, decorated with wreaths of marigold. No wonder the people are licentious and corrupt when such a shrine is their favorite. Down in the muddy current of the river men and women bathe, wash their sacred strings, drink the water, and throw out upon its surface garlands of flowers; and as they come out, they say, "Free from sin!" Sitting in the middle of the streets here and there are "holy men," rubbing their bodies with ashes. A short distance down the river stands a small temple of Siva, and in the court is a place where the dead are burned. Durga is said to be Siva's first wife; Kali, his second; Ganges, his third. This, you see, is a most sacred place in the Siva mythology; but to us this introduction to Hinduism was most revolting. God help its deluded votaries!—*Rev. T. H. Stacy, in "The Path of Light."*

RUSKIN once said, "Do not think of other's faults; in every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; as you can, try to imitate it."

A MISSION.

At the first flush of dawn she made her ready
 To journey out into the broad highway,
 For she had heard a herald thus proclaiming.
 "The King goes by this way, goes by to-day!"
 She donned her robe above all others fairest,
 Twined spotless lilies in her flowing hair,
 With dewdrops glistening in each snowy chalice,
 Their fragrance filling all the morning air.

"And now will I go forth," she said, "to meet him,
 My glorious King," when lo, she heard a cry—
 A lonely little one was calling to her;
 And, though she longed to see the King go by,
 She soothed the child until, its blue eyes closing,
 It slept in peace again, then took her way
 Out in a golden blaze of perfect sunrise,
 And turned to where the King's broad highway lay.

The silver streams o'er shining pebbles rippled;
 Within her garden, where the robins sang,
 The whispering maples joined the mystic chorus,
 And nature all harmoniously rang.
 Her heart with a great gladness seemed o'erflowing—
 When suddenly she heard a wail of pain;
 A poor half-famished beggar by the roadside
 Recalled her to her duty once again.

She gave him bread, bound up his cruel bruises,
 And hastened on; there rose before her sight
 A fallen sister, spurned and outcast, waiting
 So hopelessly the coming of the night.
 She took her hand and led her to the sunlight,
 Told her that "whosoever will may come,"
 Pillowed the shame-bowed head upon her bosom,
 And drew the wand'rer to her own fair home.

Another pleader came and told the anguish
 Of the deep darkness of the pagan land;
 Told her of these that bear the heavy burden,
 Who give their lives for souls—a mission grand.
 She lingered, listened to the tale, most gladly
 From her small store gave humble offering,
 "In His dear name who passeth by this morning,
 For I am going forth to meet the King."

So all day long the tides of want and sorrow
 Across her pathway surged, and all the day
 She strove in vain to leave her sunny garden
 And join the watchers in the King's highway,
 Till evening came, and, weary, sad, disheartened,
 She took her to the forest and made moan,

"The King has gone in light and love and glory,
And all have followed—I am left alone."

"Sister, look up!" she heard a voice of music
Sweeter than earthly music e'er could ring;

"Be comforted," it said, "and look upon me.
Sorrow no longer; lo, I am your King.

I passed not down the highway where the people
With harp and cymbal, palm and garland stood;
But, unseen, in your garden saw your labor
To cheer and comfort, striving to do good.

"And every wound that felt your touch of healing
Has lain upon my weary body too;

Each tear you wiped in pity for the mourner,
Each sigh you checked in days gone by I knew.

And whatso'er is done unto my children
Is likewise done to me who am their King.

Go forth with courage new and labor for them,
Behold, I come, and my reward I bring.

"The few may praise, the many still shall scorn you;

And yet each life on earth is made more bright

By each kind act and every word of comfort,

And even heaven shines with added light,

When one, forgetting self, goes forth to struggle

Through life's brief day for sad humanity,

Cheering the downcast and the broken-hearted

And by whole-hearted service seeking me."

—Lillian Adele Tourtillette, from *Mission Gems*.

HOW TO "MAKE THE BEST OF IT" WITHOUT A VACATION.

ON A WESTERN FARM.

BY FRANCES KIES.

PROVIDENTIALLY placed on a western farm, where vacations are impossible; hedged about by its countless duties; one pair of hands, but enough to do to keep three pairs busy; how, under these circumstances, it is possible to make the best of life, is the problem confronting a vast number of our sisters to-day.

The worst things that can come to us are the loss of hope for this life, sometimes the right use of minds that God never meant should sink into ruts of despair, and the loss of immortal souls of priceless value. As one of the sisterhood of farm housewives, I feel the need of all help that can come into this life, in order that we and our families and the world at large may be uplifted. First of all, I believe we need a firmer grip on eternal hopes. Pilgrim, as he ran, put his fingers in his ears and cried, "Life! eternal life!" and we need sometimes to stop for a few moments the cares and duties that clamor for precedence, and think how soon it will all be over—the toil and anxieties, and we shall stand before the

King with what eternal treasures we may have gathered amid our busy earth round of work.

Environment we cannot choose except to a limited extent. There will always be the necessary help for outdoor farm work, whose companionship is many times not inspiring; and it does seem as if the financial pressure would continue until the best years of the present generation have passed away. Vacations! Some of us have not had any for twenty, and, I dare say, forty years.

Out of this treadmill how can we get the best of that which shall endure? I believe that first of all we need to feel more earnestly that God will help us, if we ask him, in the little things of our common life, in giving relief from physical suffering and strength for the big day's work that must be done. "Like as a father pitieth his children" means these things. Let us take God into partnership in some small enterprise for money-getting, if it be only the raising of berries or the gathering of herbs, and, when the shortage in the mission fund is announced, we shall not be penniless when the collection is taken (Mal. 3: 10). I think there is no more keen distress of mind to be endured than to know the need and not to have the means to help. Some may not need to do this, and others may not be able to do anything of the sort, but the woman with even a lean pocket-book of her own is more self-respecting, these days.

I took a five minutes vacation this evening as the sun was going down; a new point of view from an upper window—meadow, woodland clothed in feathery greenness, farmhouses bathed in golden light, hills in all the beauty of fresh verdure, refreshing to soul and body. We are blessed in living where inexpensive books and papers can be our constant companions: "The Bonnie Brier Bush," Drummond's works, which leave seed thoughts to develop while the washing and ironing and baking are going on; our own HELPER, which we can carry in our pockets and whip out for the spare minutes. The list can be enlarged to suit the time and means of each. Sometimes kind pastors let the book-worms have a taste of the good things to be found in the study, and we get a glimpse, otherwise impossible, of the moving world of thought.

"No time to read?" I always read while churning, and oftentimes feel quite disappointed when the butter comes in the midst of the Sunday school lesson or a Bible reading, and then when I am too tired to take another step, the lounge, with the new paper or a book, rests mind and body. Let us keep in touch with the Woman's Missionary Society and the Quarterly Meeting. If we cannot always attend the meetings, a few inquiries at the close of the church service and the convenient postal cards, will aid us. A missionary incident repeated to a neighbor's child, a HELPER with a marked passage lent to a friend, will be waves of influence set in motion that may send a missionary to the field

and hasten the long vacation when all shall have heard the tidings of peace on earth, and we may rest and never more grow weary in the home of many mansions.

Reading, Mich.

ON A NEW ENGLAND FARM.

BY MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

A word to the toilers in rural districts who feel that they cannot leave home for a change and rest. Perhaps nature has spread around you as beautiful scenery as you would find in travel, if you would only take time to see and enjoy it.

Weary wives and mothers, let the sewing go for a month, and rest. It may be needed, but you are needed more, and if you burn the candle at both ends it will expire, and darkness reign in your home. Don't toil early and late, don't worry and fret and be over-anxious to get everything in shape for your successor (who perhaps will take vacations and enjoy life as others do), but resolve to live and bring up your family as the Creator intended you should, keeping yourself as young and fresh in mind and body as possible.

Try to have all the conveniences possible to lighten your work. Among these be sure and include an oil-stove. The small kind costs only \$1.25 or less, and a weary woman cannot afford to do without one. All sewing, except the weekly mending, should be out of the way by the first of July. Make this your rule for the future. Spend as little time as possible over the ironing table, and let that be in the morning, if you can. Make your work as simple as possible, and try to be ready to sit down by two o'clock every day. With your oil stove, supper will be easy to get, so you need give that but little thought.

Take—not your sewing or knitting (we hope you are not so foolish as to knit or crochet edging when trimmings are so very cheap), but an entertaining and helpful book or paper, and go out under the shade of the trees with your hammock or rug, comforter and cushions, and sit or lie down, resolved to make a business of resting and enjoying life. Conscience, wrongly trained, will tell you of this and that neglected duty, but remember that you have a duty to yourself. If you would accomplish much in your home, in society, and the world, you must build up and keep a good constitution. I know that with many of us there is not much to build upon, but in such cases there is greater need of rest and recreation.

Write letters to long-neglected correspondents. Take a ride now and then—just for the pleasure of it. Take your family out on a picnic to the nearest pond, and camp, gypsy style, with old friends and neighbors. Such pleasures are not expensive.

Though I am sorry you cannot go away from home to our dear ocean retreat, sorry you cannot have all the privileges of culture you crave, yet I can see a very bright side of life for you and me—

"Rest is not quitting a busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere."

I was born and have lived the greater part of my life on a farm, and I thank God for my environments. Unless you have tried the other side, as I have, you do not appreciate the trials of a housekeeper in the city. You have fresh butter, milk, eggs, and vegetables. You have space to cultivate flowers, vines, and small fruits, denied to most of our sisters in town. Your time is not consumed by callers of all sorts, and you have the broad book of nature wide open before you. Beside me lies a revised edition of "How To Know the Wild Flowers," by Mrs. William Starr Dana. In plain, clear, sensible English it tells us all about the flowers and weeds we have known from childhood, as well as many that are new to us. With its help we can study botany with our children, finding it a rest and constant delight. A microscope is a valuable aid. Under its magic each weed or patch of moss will speak volumes.

On the farm your children are busy and happy. Their surroundings are healthful and pure, and you are saved an amount of care for their physical and moral development which you can never know. Resolve this summer to get very near your growing girls and boys. You will be glad some day if you get the "inside track" in their lives now. Provide a plenty of good reading, and promptly burn that which is doubtful, asking constantly for the grace and wisdom needed, O so much. Right here let me speak of the mothers' meetings held by members of the W. C. T. U. I am trying to establish one in my own neighborhood, although I am the only member of a union. I propose having a prayer and Bible reading, then selections read, followed by discussion. It is helpful and pleasant to thus band together. All intelligent mothers dread cider—that "kindling-wood of the devil"—so common among farmers; and the deadly cigarette, which is creeping in everywhere. Alone we are powerless to fight them, but united we can and will protect our homes from all that will corrupt our cherished treasures.

The time was, when, snowed in a part of the year and hedged in the other part by home cares, I felt in danger of becoming a mental dwarf; but through the influence of a consecrated sister, who shall be nameless here, I became interested in missions. I can truly say that I know of no subject better calculated to broaden the mind and wake up the dormant faculties than world-wide missions. It takes us away from petty cares to other countries. It recalls what we once knew of history and geography. Trying to interest others, we grow en-

thusiastic ; giving, we become unselfish ; praying for their progress, we grow in grace and thus gain true culture. The drudgery of life vanishes when we contrast our living with that of our sisters in other lands, and we rejoice that we are queens instead of slaves in our own homes. Show me an earnest mission worker and I will show you a person very much alive to current events at home and abroad, one who is growing younger with the passing years. I find great inspiration in mission work in the MISSIONARY HELPER, the *Morning Star*, and the *Christian Herald*. They keep me in touch with missions at home and abroad. I do not find life dull on a farm, and I trust you will not. In closing let me leave with you a poem I have lately read :

" Tell me, toilers who have murmured
As ye labored day by day,
Wishing oft the hours were shorter,
Less of work and more of play,
Have ye when the day was ended,
Waited on the lonely shore—
Waited for the tardy boatman
Who must come to bear us o'er?

" Tell me, did the time fly faster
As you idled there alone?
Ah! 'twas harder work, my sister,
Than the hardest you have done.
Pity those, O faithful toiler!
Those whose life-long work is done,
Those who sit beside the river
Waiting for the boat to come.

" Oft they find it tries the patience
More than all the toil and strife,
Or the many cares and trials
Of a long and busy life.
So, good toiler, take the lesson,
Never murmur at your fate,
Though it may be hard to labor,
It is harder far to wait."

East Corinth, Me.

THE WOMAN'S CONVENTION.

THIS convention at Ocean Park, Aug. 19, 20, 21, promises to represent most happily and credibly the Educational Bureau, under whose auspices it is holden.

While the forenoon will be devoted to business sessions of the bureau and the executive board of the Woman's Missionary Society, the afternoons and evenings will be replete with good things for the public generally. Much effort has been made to have the greatest variety possible, and with excellent results. Eleven different states will be represented upon the platform, and the topics discussed will cover many and broad lines of thought.

The young women's conference on the first afternoon on "What To Do and How To Do It," as arranged by Miss Jessie Waterman, a young lady fruitful in methods, will be full of bright and helpful things for all ages, and especially for the young. The plan is to have this session not only attractive but practical.

Many things will be brought out in the discussion that will follow the stated parts in a terse way that would not require time for a full paper or address.

For the evening session of this day the committee have been so fortunate as to secure Mrs. Susan S. Fessenden, president of the Massachusetts W. C. T. U., said by a Boston divine of excellent judgment to be "one of the ablest speakers among the gifted women of this country." Mrs. Livermore says that "she is a woman of many and varied gifts, but she is always at her best when on the platform." Womanhood—of which she herself is of the highest type—will be her theme.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. A. E. Dexter and Miss Waterman have in store for us a variety of unique and attractive features in connection with a lawn party, where opportunity will be given for the culture of our social natures. The arrangements are not, however, sufficiently complete at this writing to be given in detail.

A rare treat in the evening is promised to all lovers of Shakespeare, by Mrs. Jean Stuart Brown-Williams, the only woman in America who gives his plays in full from memory. Mrs. Williams combines a charming personality with a remarkable genius. She carries her audience at her will.

Saturday, the closing day of the convention, will be a red letter day on the line of missions. The afternoon will be devoted to the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the first F. B. Woman's Missionary Society. History, reminiscences, society song, retrospective, and in memoriam poems, and so forth, will be included in the order of exercises.

When the general Ocean Park program went to the printer, it announced at this session an address on "Other Similar Organizations," by Mrs. M. M. Brewster, who was the last recording secretary of the original society, but before the proof came for correction Mrs. Brewster had passed out into the beyond, and a line was drawn over what would have been one of the most interesting parts at this anniversary.

The spirit of the afternoon session will run into the missionary workers' conference in the evening, when prominent workers from different parts of our own country and India will present the most salient features of missionary work. Much credit is due Mrs. H. K. Jordan for her earnestness and efficiency in working up this portion of the program. It just proves what a success one can make of anything which lies near her own heart.

And now that this three days' feast of good things is ready, will not large numbers be present to enjoy it?

COMMITTEE.

I WILL go down, but remember that you must hold the ropes.—*Wm. Carey.*

BIBLE READING.

FRIENDSHIP.

PART I.

"Christ is a friend, a friend indeed,
A friend in every time of need;
A friend sincere, devoted, true,
A better friend none ever knew."

1. Friends have close intercourse. Exod. 33 : 11.
2. They show pity in times of trouble. Job. 6 : 14.
3. They plead in times of danger. Job. 16 : 21 (marg.).
4. They love at all times. Prov. 17 : 17.
5. They rebuke sometimes for good. Prov. 27 : 6.
6. They counsel in times of difficulty. Prov. 27 : 9-17.
7. They rejoice in times of gladness. Luke 15 : 9 ; John 3 : 29.

PART II.

"A friend in youth, a friend in age,
A friend in life through every stage;
A friend in sickness and in health,
A friend in poverty or wealth."

1. There is mutual affection between friends. 1 Sam. 18 : 1.
2. There are no secrets between friends. Gen. 18 : 17.
3. There is confidence between friends. John 15 : 15.
4. A true friend can be depended on at all times. Prov. 17 : 19 ; Heb. 13 : 5.
5. Will stand strong tests. Ruth 1 : 16, 17 ; Rom. 5 : 8.
6. Is ready to give. 1 Sam. 3 : 26.
7. Counts nothing too great. John 15 : 13.

PART III.

"A friend whose sympathizing heart
In every trouble bears a part;
A friend whose smile lights up the soul,
When clouds of darkness o'er it roll."

1. We should be true to our friends. Prov. 27. 10.
2. Be willing to inconvenience ourselves for them. Luke 11 : 5-8.
3. Show friendliness in our actions. Prov. 18-24 (first half).
4. Show friendliness in our words. Ruth 2 : 13 ; Hos. 2 : 14 (marg.).
5. Strive to comfort them in sorrow. Job 2 : 11.
6. Pray for them. Job 42 : 10.
7. Tell them first of salvation. Mark 5 : 19.

PART IV.

"When other human friendships die,
Christ is a friend that's always nigh;
With open heart and hand he sheds
His richest blessings on our heads."

1. It is possible for mortals to have the friendship of God. 2 Chron. 20 : 7 ; Isa. 41 : 8 ; Jas. 22 : 3.
 2. In order to obtain it we must be separated from the world. Jas. 4 : 4.
 3. Be willing to be hated as He was. John 15 : 16-21.
 4. Obey His commandments. John 15 : 14.
 5. We shall enjoy His love. Jer. 31 : 3 ; John 15 : 9.
 6. Share His confidence. John 15 : 15 ; Gen. 18 : 17.
 7. Have His continual presence. Matt. 28 : 20 ; Prov. 18 : 24 ; Rom. 8 : 35-39.
- Mrs. Neelands, in *The Faithful Witness*.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

THE following letter speaks for itself, and we wish others like it might come to the publisher just at this time of the year: "My dear Mrs. Andrews: Inclosed please find check for five dollars for ten copies of the HELPER for one year beginning July 1, '97. I want my copy sent to me at the above address, as usual, the nine copies to be sent to churches or individuals where you think they will do the most to awaken an interest in our missions. I much enjoy the HELPER and wish it every success. Yours sincerely."

Have you consulted the "mailer's tag" on your magazine? If so, and you find that you are in arrears, please remit the amount due at once. Our financial year closes Aug. 31, and we need all dues before that date.

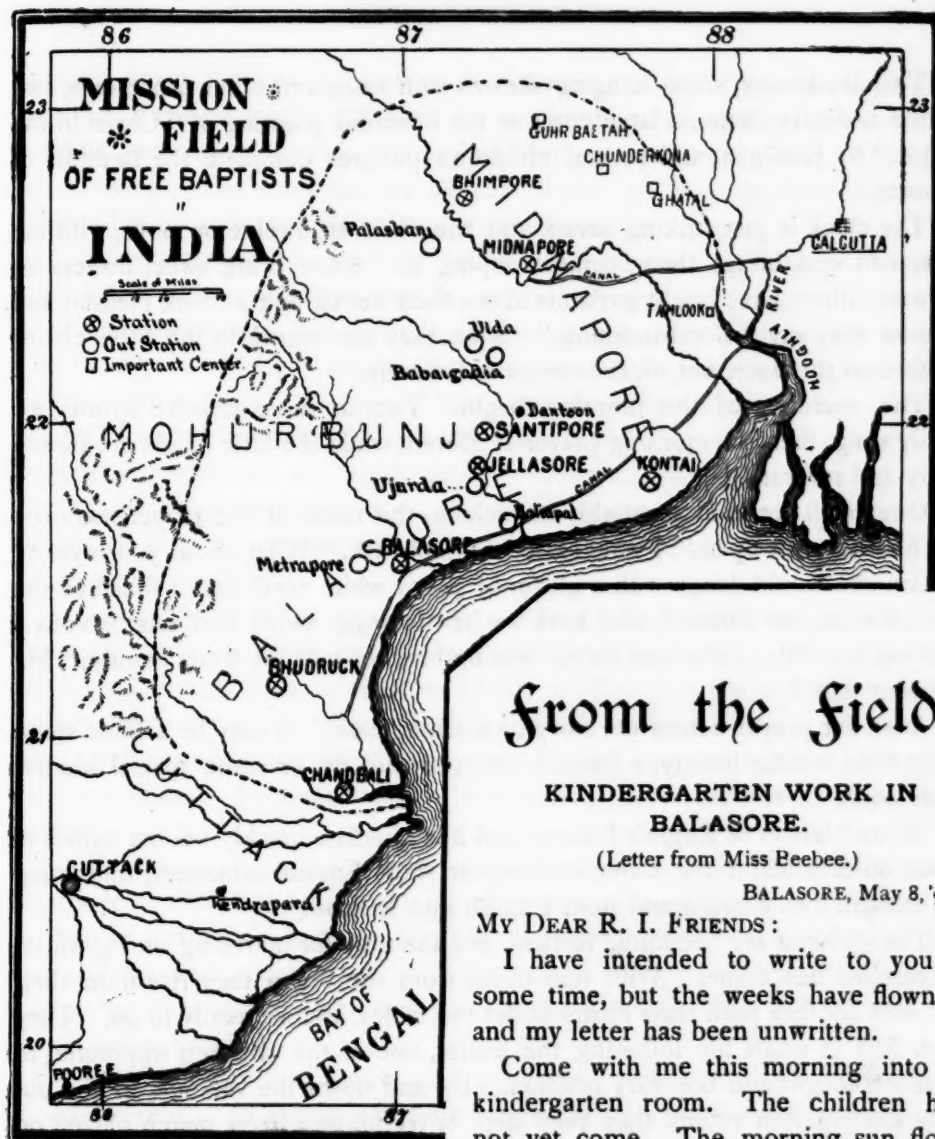
ELLA H. ANDREWS,
122 Vinton St., Providence, R. I.

NOTICE.

IN the Ocean Park program for this season, under "general information," appears this statement: "Persons wishing to board themselves at cottages, lodging houses, and tents, can secure needed supplies on the grounds from bakers and storemen at reasonable rates." Permit me to add, that all persons preferring *home cooking* to baker's food can have their wants supplied at Blake Industrial.

S. C. G. AVERY, *Chairman Blake Industrial Com.*

PRAYER and pains, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, will do anything.
—John Eliot.



from the field.

KINDERGARTEN WORK IN BALASORE.

(Letter from Miss Beebee.)

BALASORE, May 8, '97.

MY DEAR R. I. FRIENDS:

I have intended to write to you for some time, but the weeks have flown by and my letter has been unwritten.

Come with me this morning into my kindergarten room. The children have not yet come. The morning sun floods the room through the east door, and the

cool sea breeze blows from the south. You notice that the room is rectangular and has four doors opening to the four points of the compass. Through its center, two feet apart, are the long, beautifully made kindergarten tables. On the outer side of each are arranged six little chairs.

In the southeast corner of the room is my sweet-voiced organ, and above it the picture of "Christ blessing little children." On either side of this is a wall basket of ferns and flowers. The case of shelves with glass doors which contains my kindergarten materials occupies the northwest corner.

Two bookcases, some hanging shelves with vases and other ornaments, two or three ordinary chairs, a large copy of the beautiful painting of "Christ in the Temple," by Hoffman, and several children's pictures complete the furniture of the room.

The clock is just striking seven, and the children, twelve or more, with the old woman who brings them, come trooping in. Some bring sweet flowers for the vases, others have bright garlands about their necks, and all look pleased and happy as they say "Good-morning." Soon they are seated in the little chairs, with feet on the floor, not on the chairs as formerly.

The exercises of the morning begin. Two or three favorite hymns are heartily sung, then the morning prayer is offered, while the little heads are bowed quietly and reverently.

One small tot used invariably to exclaim, the moment the prayer was over, "She had her eyes open." I would also invariably ask, "What about your eyes?" at which she would laugh with a gleam of pretty white teeth and a shake of the little curls on her forehead, and look so bewitchingly sweet and mischievous I could say but little. She now either says nothing, or tells me triumphantly, "My eyes were shut."

After our prayer comes the story or morning talk. It may be a Bible story, a story from secular history, a bit of botany, or zoölogy, or some special kindergarten story.

An oral lesson in English follows, and the children quickly tell the names of various objects about the room, and repeat short English sentences, translating from Bengali into English and from English into Bengali.

The children are becoming restless, and the time for marching and gymnastic exercises has come. With one chord from the organ they rise from their seats, with another push their chairs under the tables, and are ready to go. They march first in single file following the leader, one of the children appointed to that much sought and honorary position. Up and down the veranda, in and out of the kindergarten rooms, they keep step, or try to, to a lively march played on the organ. They execute a fancy march on the lines marked out on the floor of the large kindergarten room. This room joining the small room I have already described, is quite bare excepting the walls, and has circles and straight lines painted on its floor. On the walls are the "Horse Fair," a large chromo of a Highland scene, and other pictures, while on the mantel-piece are a clock and several vases. In this room we play games as well as march.

After this physical exercise the children once more are seated at the table and do some occupation or gift work. I am thinking of sending you some of the pretty mats they have woven and the sewing which they have done. Their

fingers are as nimble and capable of becoming as skilful as any children in the world. They especially delight in the two kindergarten occupations called paper folding and paper cutting. Several of them do very neat work. They delight in drawing. The drawings are slightly crude, but they are learning, and who knows but an artist may arise from among them.

After working half an hour we spend some time in singing. I wish you could hear them. At times they do wonderfully well.

One child from Mrs. Smith's orphanage has really a remarkable voice and ear for music. She is a bright, pretty, winsome child, with the merriest eyes and a voice like a lark's. She is our kindergarten prima donna. If her voice could be well trained it would be a power for good, and I'm certain she would create a sensation wherever she might go. I sometimes think of adopting her and having her voice well trained. I would then send her throughout America and England, to give concerts and raise money for missions. Don't you think this an enterprising plan?

In our kindergarten we sing Oriya, Bengali, and English songs, and think of learning some in Greek and Latin, possibly in the future! The possibility is remote, however. My aunt, Miss Hattie Phillips, has translated a number of kindergarten songs into Oriya, which are greatly enjoyed by the children. There are a number of pretty action songs in a Bengali song-book which belonged to my dear father. You can imagine this book is very precious to me, as well as helpful.

The pleasant singing-time is past, and there are forty minutes of our two hours left. The first half of this time is given to more gift or occupation work, or mental arithmetic, and the last half to playing games. The children march around the circle, clasp hands, and take part in one game after another—games which test the senses, which exercise the limbs, which teach the children to be kind, polite, unselfish.

Soon the play time is over, and they leave, each with a smile and a parting good-morning. As I look into their bright, loving faces, I hope that it has done them good to have been with me.

They are gone, and I hurry upstairs to my own quiet, pretty room, to rest and to think of the successes and failures of the morning, of the times I might have been more patient and loving and have used more tact and shown more sympathy, and with a prayer for the children and myself I resolve to do better the coming day.

"How do children here compare with those in kindergartens in America?" you may ask. In certain directions they do quite as well and are quite as bright as children in America. In other respects they fall below this standard. They

learn by heart very readily and quickly, their fingers are as capable of doing neat work, and they sing as well as kindergarten children in our land. One, however, misses the bright questions that are ever springing to the lips of a little American, and his quick reasoning, that is often startling.

Kindergarten work is a novelty in this part of the world, and my kindergarten is not an ideal one, but some day we hope it may be.

There is much more I wish to tell you, but I will try to write again ere long. I will tell you briefly before closing what I am doing besides my kindergarten work. I study Bengali with a pundit, have a class of boys and girls in the Sunday school, and help in the English C. E. society by being chairman of the prayer meeting committee and member of the social committee. I wish you might have attended our social held in April. We all, missionary and native members and visitors, had a very merry time, playing games, singing songs, and listening to a comic speech by Mr. Coldren on the subject of bicycles. You may not know that most of the missionaries have purchased bicycles. I think a bicycle race at the next yearly meeting would be in order. Come and join it.

The C. E. flower committee is composed of one, and I am that one. Each Sabbath morning I take special delight in arranging flowers and ferns. We have some beautiful flowers in India.

Another of my pleasant duties is to act as church organist, Miss Gaunce playing one Sabbath and I the next at the evening English service.

The kindergarten organ, like a true member of the Roger Williams church, is not satisfied to do missionary work merely six days in the week, and it looks forward to the Sabbath as another day in which to cheer others by its sweet tones. Every Saturday evening two natives carry it carefully to the church, and bring it back Monday morning.

In a recent election the native Christian women elected me president of their missionary society, which holds its meetings the last Wednesday of each month. I hope I may be able to help these women, some of whom I knew when a child.

As corresponding and recording secretary of the Orissa division of the India W. C. T. U. I have had but little to do, but expect to have more in the future.

In closing let me say that I still remember many of you dear young people whom I met in Rhode Island, and the delightful hours we spent together. I thank you again for your hearty sympathy and support. I am proud to be your very own missionary, and earnestly wish I were a better one.

In a few days I shall be leaving Balasore for three weeks at the seashore, not far from Chandbali. Those of you with whom I had a charming yachting excursion will remember that I gave you a cordial invitation to sail with me on

the Indian Ocean. Now is your opportunity. I again extend the invitation, not only to you, but to all R. I. young people. If it is rather inconvenient for you to accept this invitation, remember that I shall never cease to look for you in India to enjoy its many beauties and pleasures on sea and land, and to help us in educating its people to a nobler Christian manhood and womanhood.

With kindest regards and wishes for you all, I am sincerely your friend,

BEEBEE PHILLIPS.

LETTER FROM MISS COOMBS.

CONTAI, March 2, 1897.

WHAT shall it be this time? A kind of running history of the days since my last letter? That was written during the days of Yearly Meeting in November, and sent, I believe, just as the good people were scattering to their homes; but Mr. Hamlen was being kept by an attack of the mumps. He was detained a week or so, and for a few days of that time was kept in bed by quite hard fever, but he was soon able to leave, and shortly after we heard of him as hard at work in the examinations of the high school. About that time Mrs. Burkholder and Miss Hattie Phillips attended the W. C. T. U. Convention for all India at Poona, and came back full of plans for the vigorous pushing of temperance work.

Then Mr. Stiles, Mr. and Mrs. Hallam, and Dr. Mary, with native preachers and Bible women, went out into the country for evangelistic work, and rejoiced us with reports sent in of willing listeners, eager buyers of gospels, and earnest individual seekers.

Christmas came, and with it many preparations for making it a happy day, but right into the midst of these preparations came an accident, which shadowed all the day and made it anything but, the joyous time we had anticipated. Miss Butts was thrown from her carriage, and so seriously injured that there were many hours of suspense and apprehension, but, after days of suffering and having to keep quiet, she was again among us as brisk as ever, with the exception of an injured arm and occasional lapses of memory.

Just about that time the new missionary, Miss Landes, came, and our household was increased from three to four.

New Year's day was a busy one, for we gave the two hundred children of the outside schools a treat, and listened to the exercises they had prepared.

After the itinerating missionaries had come in from their outside work, with reports of a large circuit traveled, many villages visited, thousands of hearers, and thousands of tracts distributed and a large quantity of portions of Scriptures sold, then I went off for a week alone to Babagadia, and enjoyed it intensely, though wishing I could be multiplied a hundredfold, in order to reach the num-

berless villages all along the way and dotting the stretches of rice fields as far as one could see.

Back again to Midnapore, and, after three or four weeks of busy visiting the round of zenana houses, then came the journey to this place, sixty miles from Midnapore. Miss Landes has come with me, for though she cannot yet talk, still she wants to see more of the every-day life of the people and something of the ways of working, and I was glad not to have to come alone. We have along with us three Bible women and a colporteur, and expect some native preachers this week.

The mission bungalow is not occupied at present, so we had to bring beds, chairs, mats, table, dishes, etc., for setting up housekeeping. There are not more than half a dozen Christians all told in the place, but there are grand opportunities for work, and as yet we have not heard the slightest word of opposition to our teaching. The waiting harvest appalls us, for "the laborers *are* few" indeed. It seems to me the saddest thing connected with all our mission work to-day is the lack of inclination on the part of our native Christian young men to put their hand to this work. Many and earnest are the prayers ascending to "the Lord of the harvest" that he would "raise up and send forth laborers into his harvest," and we see tokens for good among some of those young men who were baptized from among the Catholics, about whom Mr. Hallam wrote in the *Star* of Jan. 14.

We have been here five days, and have been to many houses, and have invitations ahead for several others. In some of these it is evident that they have never heard "the old, old story" before, and it is interesting to watch the expression on their faces change from that of distrust and curiosity to one of interest and attention as the message enters their consciousness.

We are to have the Quarterly Meeting here while we stay, and, though we shall be but few, yet we hope to do each other good and make special efforts for those still in darkness.

L. C. COOMBS.

TREASURER'S NOTES.

DURING the month of May your treasurer, in company with Mrs. Metcalf, the recording secretary, has visited Storer College. The secretary will doubtless give a report of her visit to the school, as trustee of the Woman's Missionary Society, in the August HELPER. I only desire to record the wish that I could take all our auxiliaries bodily to Storer College during anniversary week, and let them get a peep at all the natural beauty of Harper's Ferry in the month of May, and of all the interest centered in the school, with the inviting opportunities it affords for Christian work. Those boys and girls are so bright, I delight in them very much.

This has been a blessed thank-offering season. I have attended five thank-offering services—the two Dovers, Maine and New Hampshire, Haverhill and Amesbury, Mass., and Pawtucket, R. I.—and have grown more and more thankful for the service and its influence on our work. It is, I believe, the most spiritually uplifting force we have. It turns the thought outward and upward, it takes us away from the materializing tendencies of society machinery, and we live and breathe in a spiritual atmosphere, from whence comes all our power. Long live the May thank-offering!

I returned to my desk June 2, with some questionings, I confess, such as the distrusting heart always has about the month's receipts and the condition of the treasury at the close of the quarter. For I was very sure at the beginning of May that the "Emergency League" would be drawn into service. Almost the first thing I did on reaching home was to go over the mail. It was as satisfying to read as to look upon. The thank-offering returns have been prompt as a rule, and large, and have saved our treasury from a deficit. Will the "League" feel disappointed that it is not to be called upon? If so, make a freewill offering, just to see how good it is to give as a "League" member.

I wish I could name all who have made a thank-offering. Some have done it for the first time, like Keuka College holding the service in the college parlors. The territory covered includes Minnesota, Maine, Michigan, Vermont, Kansas, New Hampshire, New York, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, and each year there is a gain in interest. Some of the offerings have been designated for the famine in part, but most of the money received for this purpose has been a special gift, amounting to date to \$256.91. In one church, where the gift for the famine amounted to about \$40, the thank-offering was unusually large, showing that specials do not detract from the main work if properly managed.

The children of Sinclair Orphanage have had special attention given to them. One "unknown" sends \$15; a young woman in New York gives \$25 for "unsupported children in Sinclair Orphanage"; a class in a Sunday school in Michigan \$25 for the child supported by the same class last year; an auxiliary in Maine towards the support of a child, and still another \$25; the "Golden Rule Workers" in New Hampshire \$25, and in the same state an A. F. C. E. Society a quarter's support; and some "Pearl Seekers" "for children in Sinclair Orphanage," and so on.

Miss Barnes's salary has been remembered by junior A. C. F.'s, junior C. E.'s, and by "a little girl six years old." The junior A. C. F. of Rochester, N. H., has taken four shares in Miss Barnes's salary, and now takes the lead on the "Roll of Honor" in number of shares.

Hillsdale College students have sent money for the foreign work, and we

welcome them heartily to our ranks. And, for the first time, we have received a contribution for the education of our medical missionary ; it comes from a young woman who says, " I am much interested in our new medical missionary."

It is a specially encouraging feature of our work that young women are coming to the front by holding places of responsibility, organizing societies, and contributing money. We need you, young women ; come on. God forbid that the older workers should stand in the way, and prevent your doing the work which is yours to do. Many of our auxiliaries need new life which only youth can give ; I wish old and young could unite everywhere as lovingly as they have united in two auxiliaries not a thousand miles from where I am writing these words.

With a grateful heart, and in the name of the Woman's Missionary Society, I say to one and all who have had a part in supplying this quarter's need, God bless you.

Laura A. DeMERITTE, *Treas.*

" THERE is only one practical remedy for the deadly sin of anxiety, and that is to take short views. Faith is content to live ' from hand to mouth,' enjoying each blessing from God as it comes. This perverse spirit of worry runs off and gathers some anticipated troubles and throws them into the cup of mercies and turns them to vinegar. A bereaved parent sits down by the new-made grave of a beloved child, and sorrowfully says to herself, ' Well, I have only one more left, and one of these days he may go off to live in a home of his own, or he may be taken away, and if he dies my house will be desolate and my heart utterly broken.' Now, who gave that weeping mother permission to use the word ' if ' ? Is not her trial sore enough now without overloading it with an imaginary trial ? And if her strength breaks down it will be simply because she is not satisfied with letting God afflict her ; she tortures herself with imagined afflictions of her own. If she could but take a short view, she would see a living child yet spared to her, to be loved and enjoyed and lived for. Then, instead of having two sorrows, she would have one great possession to set over against a great loss ; her duty to the living would be not only a relief to her anguish, but the best tribute she could pay to the departed."

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him ; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will ;
And blessed are the hardy hands of toil !
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occasion tells him what to do ;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

—Lowell.

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

MIDSUMMER MEETING.

"The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

EVERY passing event gets a noble value from the assurance it gives us of God. This is the only real transfiguration of the dusty road, of the monotony and routine of living. It is all bright and beautiful, if in it all God is giving us that certainty of himself by which we shall be fit to meet everything that we shall have to meet in this world and the world to come.—*Phillips Brooks.*

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Bible reading on "Friendship."

Songs, "I've Found a Friend," "The Child of a King," "A Little Talk with Jesus."

Chain of prayers asking God's blessing upon the many workers in their homes, and upon the work and meetings at Ocean Park.

Causes for thankfulness to be found in this HELPER. (Thoughtful reading of each department—including the junior—will disclose many causes for thankfulness among Christian workers.)

Reading, "A Mission."

Description of one day in the Balasore kindergarten. (See also sketch of Miss Beebee Phillips, January, '96, HELPER.)

General conversation on "How To Make the Best of It," with extracts from articles in this number. (See also Miss Coombs's "Contrasts," in August, '96, HELPER.)

Closing song, fourth stanza of "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy."

Lo! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,
I hear Thy garments sweep, thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern thy gracious form not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless.

The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see
Only the glancing needle which they hold,
But all my life is blossoming inwardly,
And every breath is like a litany;
While through each labor, like a thread of gold,
Is woven the sweet consciousness of thee!—*Susan Coolidge.*

Practical Christian Living.

Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."



A THANKFUL SOUL.

I take life jest as I find it,
If it's hot I never mind it;
Hunt around fer shady trees
An' jes whistle up a breeze!
If it's snowin', why—I go,
Jest go a-skimmin' crost the snow!
(Ever try how good it feels
In a wagon off the wheels?)
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest as thankful fer 'em all!

Folks say this world's full of strife;
That jest 'livens up my life!
When the good Lord made it, he
Done the best fer you an' me—
Saw the sky had too much blue,
An' rolled up a cloud or two.
Give us light to sow an' reap,
Then threw in the dark fer sleep.
Every single drop of dew
Twinkles on a rose fer you.

Tell you! this world's full o' light—
Sun by day and stars by night;
Sometimes sorrow comes along,
But it's all mixed up with song.
Folks that always make complaint
They ain't healthy—that they ain't!
Some would jest live with the chills
If it warn't fer doctors' bills!
Always findin' fault with things—
Kill a bird because it sings.

I take life jest as I find it;
If it's a sunshiny day,
Hot or cold, I never mind it—
That's my time fer makin' hay;
If it's rainin', fills my wish—
Makes the lakes jest right fer fish;
When the snow falls white as foam.
Then I track the rabbits home.
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest as thankful fer 'em all!

—Frank L. Stanton.

VACATIONS FOR CITY STAY-AT-HOMES.

If the romancing summer correspondent could be believed, "everybody" will shortly be out of town, vacationing away from home, either at the mountains, at the beach, on the glad sea waves, or in the woods or country.

But seeing is believing, and it is an easy matter to see that the majority of people each summer are really at home, working away for dear life and such crumbs of comfort as they can scoop up. At first thought one is inclined to pity one's self if one is of the great number of must-stay-at-homes who cannot leave their daily work, and the sympathetic soul who can herself leave home is still inclined to sorrow for those who cannot.

On second thought, stay-at-homes haven't a half bad time of it, if they only set their minds to making a good time of it. In point of fact, many a town and city is no hotter than many a summer resort. If one has a castle at Lenox, or even an abundance of money to spend freely anywhere, it is possible to pick out places for a summer outing that are all that fancy paints, but the comforts to be

had for the maximum sum which the majority of people are able to spend for summer board away from home are few and far between.

Men and women bachelors, and the half-gypsylike artists and bohemians generally, who already know all about how to extract sustenance from a rainbow and delight from their haphazard careers, do not need any advice as to how life in town in summer may be made to yield up its last drop of satisfaction. It is the father and mother of a family who generally don't, but might if they would, cease from troubling their spirits because they can't go to Newport, or Bar Harbor, or Narragansett Pier, and turn their attention to getting such amusement out of staying at home as may be gleaned by those who reap with the sickle of contentment, and appreciate all the things, small as they are, which the gods provide.

The Germans among us know better how to have a good time on very little money outlay than any other people on our shores. The German pater likes to have the mater and the little folks have a good time as well as to have ore himself. Perhaps he has a little *delicatessen* shop, the income of which is, maybe, no more than he could earn in wages if he worked as hard for somebody else, but it makes him feel independent. This family cannot lock up its source of revenue and go into the country. But do they mope? They do not. On the Saturday half holiday they pack up their luncheon kit and put for the meadows that melt into the Hackensack. The price of ferry fares from New York and back, plus the price of a rowboat's hire, is tucked into the pater's trousers' pocket, and, placid but anticipative, they muster for an afternoon's sport at crabbing. If you think that the Astor yacht *Nourmahal* holds any merrier party than the wherry that conveys this crabbing coterie, you are mistaken.

Street surface cars do not begin to fulfil their mission when they are used merely as conveniences for getting from one point to another. They are an end in themselves. Taking any city for a rendezvous and starting-point, it is possible to make most interesting jaunts, north, east, south, and west, and to the points between. Never come back by the same route, and always interlard a walk between cars, and have a lunch of some sort if the ride is of several miles. It may be a glass of lemonade and a pretzel, or something more elaborate, and, for the sake of lightening the work of the mother of the family, it should if possible be purchased at some wayside inn instead of being carried from home. But the wayside inn is not always conveniently at hand, and, unless it is known that it will be, some sort of refreshment for the inner man and woman should be taken along.

Every house that has a flat fenced roof can be made to minister to a mind not diseased. What with hammocks and cushions and something to eat and drink, one need not go without a roof-garden if the roof is willing.

It is the idea of the thing more than the actual environment that makes a vacation a real vacation. Some people could be wafted about in ether on a rose-leaf, and growl because the leaf was cream instead of rose colored. Others can extract a good time out of mingling with the foreigners in the emigrant's quarter of a big city, or zig-zagging up the Hudson in a few-penny ferry boat, or loafing in the quiet of their own domicile.

The stay-at-home who could spend a little money for a vacation if work permitted, which it doesn't, can have many a little treat, from browsing about in the old shops, to trips of investigation into all the queer places of the neighborhood, for which the busier winter offers no opportunity.

But, to really make a virtue and a joy of his necessity, the stay-at-home must sweep the cobwebs of calloused discontent out of his brain, and put on spectacles that reduce the probabilities of discomfort to a speck on the horizon, and enlarge upon the possibilities of a good time till they fill up the whole middle distance and foreground.—*Belle Aubry, in The Woman's World and Jeanness-Miller Monthly.*

A SCIENTIFIC ENTHUSIAST.

It is a common error to think of science as opposed to all the poetry of life, and scientists as the most cold and matter-of-fact men. In reality the true scientist is almost always a poet at heart, and the greater he is the more certain is he to be a pure enthusiast and of a deeply reverent spirit. Kelper exclaiming in the moment of his great discovery, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee!" is a type of this.

Professor Farrar, who occupied the chair of natural philosophy at Harvard University, two-thirds of a century ago, was a man possessed of this enthusiasm for his work, and beloved by his pupils, whom he inspired with something of his own spirit.

One day the class entered the lecture-room and found the professor walking backward and forward, with kindled eye and working face, holding a ball in his hand. Presently he stopped and confronted the class, and exclaimed, suiting the action to the word:

"I toss this ball into the air, the earth rises up to meet it, and the stars bow down to do it reverence!"

Probably no member of the class who heard these words ever forgot their absolutely accurate lesson; that action and reaction are equal; that the apple which falls to the earth at the same time draws the earth to itself in the exact ratio of their relative weight, and disturbs even the course of the planets and stars. Still less could they forget the grandeur and unity so vividly expressed in that brief imagery.—*Youth's Companion.*

Words from Home Workers.

THE Massachusetts Woman's Missionary Society met with the Paige St. church of Lowell, May 12, Mrs. Lillian Denney, president, in the chair. The meeting opened with singing "Walking in the Light," after which Mrs. M. T. Emery read the 115th Psalm and offered prayer. Rev. E. P. Moulton gave a solo, which all enjoyed. Then we received the greetings of the R. I. Association through their corresponding messenger, Mrs. J. Roberts; she spoke words of encouragement and inspiration to us, and when she told how much the women of her state were doing for missions we felt that we must be up and doing. We again had the great pleasure of having Rev. T. H. Stacy from the Maine Association with us, and listened to an address from him on India, the different cities, their customs, people, and buildings. He said Calcutta is called the "Palace City," 685,000 inhabitants. Benares is noted for its brass manufactures, also that is where the people would choose to die. The Taj Mahal, a temple at Agra, is the most beautiful building in the world, decorated inside with costly gems. Cost \$20,000,000, a poem in itself. The Parsees carry their dead to Malaba Hill, where they have a temple where sandal wood is kept burning all the time, where prayers are offered for the dead, and where vultures come and devour the bodies before their friends get home. Caste is their chief characteristic. They will not intermarry, or help a stranger in any way, for fear of losing caste; this is one of the millstones around India. Dear sisters, are we doing all we can to right this wrong? Are we following the Bible rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Let us redouble our efforts, and remember "God loveth a cheerful giver," whether it be money, smiles, words, or deeds, if done in his name. Later a business meeting was called by the president, and it was voted to make our year begin and end in May, to correspond with the F. B. Association with which we are connected, and to hold our annual meeting at this time. So our present officers will hold office till May, 1898. Mrs. W. H. Kimball of Lowell was chosen to represent the Massachusetts Association at Rhode Island in October.

[MISS] ETTA B. PIERCE, *Cor. Sec.*

MAINE.—Dear HELPER: A few words from the Topsham auxiliary, which, though dead or taking a very long sleep, has awakened to newness of life and is doing good work. We reorganized last November with seven members, but at our first regular meeting ten reported. We now number seventeen. We chose one of our number for HELPER agent, and through her efforts our number of HELPERS has doubled; our list is now twenty. Our treasurer has sent \$5 to the foreign work, and will this month send as much more. We hope to raise \$25

this year. But two of our present society were members of our former organization, as during our long sleep removals and deaths took most that formerly labored with us ; so we are practically a new society, new in organization, new in membership, new in the work—yet anxious to know more of it and do more in it and for it as we realize time is short and the work is great. Already our ranks have been broken, and death has claimed one of our members. Sister Priscilla Cox died March 3, 1897, at Topsham, Me. She was converted at the age of fourteen years, and her long life was one of uninterrupted faithful service in Christian work. Our society adopted the following resolutions :

Whereas our Heavenly Father has called from earth our dear sister, Mrs. Priscilla Cox, we bow submissively to his will, though it is in deep sorrow as we recognize the fact that she will greet us here no more. *Resolved*, That in her death our society has lost an untiring worker, the church a worthy member, the community a loving friend ; that the memory of her life, so true, so pure, so helpful to others, should incite us to increased activity in every Christian work ; that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and relatives, praying grace divine may be given in this time of need, and recommend them to the consolation found in the hope of a glorious immortality, in which they shall be reunited with the loved one gone before.

EMILY J. WHITTEN,
MRS. NETTIE DAVIS,
MRS. PRISCILLA EDWARDS, } *Com.*

KANSAS.—The Q. M. W. M. S. in connection with the Cloud and Republic Q. M., held its regular session Saturday evening, June 5. It was opened by singing, followed by scripture reading by Mrs. Busley. Prayer by Mrs. N. L. Abbey. Singing. Select reading, Mrs. Clara Abbey. Mrs. Abbey rendered her reading in a very fine manner. Recitation, Miss Maggie Moore. Solo, Jessie Abbey. Recitation, Mrs. May Hall. Mrs. Hall is considered one of our best speakers, and she rendered this selection in excellent style. Select readings—interspersed with singing—followed, by Mrs. Tena Wilson, Mrs. Jennie Thompson, and Addie Clayton. Remarks by Elder VanWormer, also Elder Reeves. Collection, \$1.60 ; voted to go to Miss L. A. DeMeritte, treasurer. Closed with prayer by Mrs. Addie Clayton, president. JESSIE ABBEY, *Sec. pro tem.*

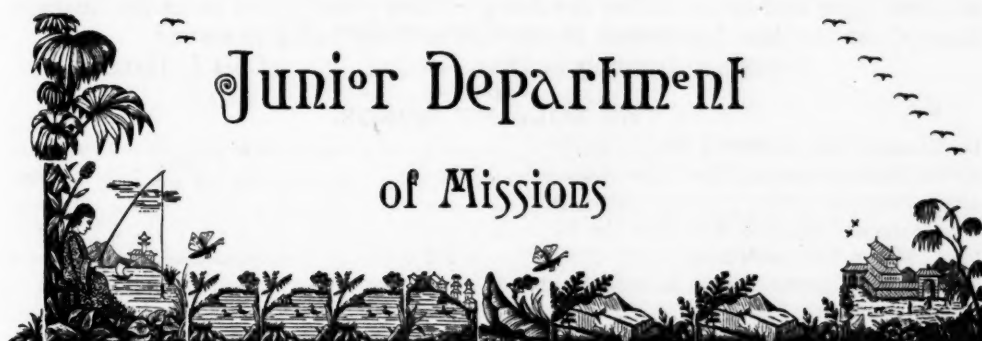
FROM A LITTLE WORKER.

HILLSDALE, MICH., May 14.

DEAR MISS DEMERITTE :

I am a little girl six years old, and I live in Hillsdale, Mich., and my papa goes to college, and my name is Marguerite Lougher. I have earned this dollar selling broom holders and being sunshiny. I have been earning it to send to Miss Barnes ; please send it to her and I will earn some more to help tell about Jesus to the little boys and girls.

MARGUERITE E. LOUGHER.



Junior Department of Missions

WHAT SOME OF THE HEATHEN KNOW ABOUT FAITH IN JESUS.

MIDNAPORE, INDIA.

DEAR CHILDREN :

In my last letter to you I told you about a little heathen girl who was whipped by her own father because she would not worship an idol. Now perhaps you would like to hear about another little girl.

The daughters of the poor in India are permitted to attend schools taught outside their homes, but the daughters of the wealthy are not allowed to do so after the age of ten years. Some of our dear native Christian sisters are daily engaged in teaching in the schools of the poor and the homes of the rich, and lady missionaries very often go to superintend the work. Many of these little dark-skinned girls have just as bright eyes, just as smiling faces as you have, and love their schools and teachers as much as you do.

One day a lady missionary, while busily engaged in teaching in a zenana, heard a noise near her, and in turning to see what it was she saw a woman dragging a little girl of about thirteen years behind her. The lady asked her why she was doing that. For a reply the woman almost pushed the girl on her, saying at the same time, "O, she is in trouble, tell her about your Jesus."

Now this heathen woman did not tell the child to go to Jagannath, Krishna, nor any of their gods, but in her poor, dark mind the thought had arisen that the Jesus of the Christians could help in trouble.

Some of these heathen women have a very intelligent idea of the meaning of faith. In one house a woman said, "O, we know what faith is, you need not tell us about that. One time a number of native huts near us were all burning, and we were very much frightened. I went on the top of our house, and some men told my companions and myself to come out, for if our house took fire, we would be burnt with it; but you know we are not allowed to leave our houses, so I prayed, 'O mem's (white lady's) God, do save us. O mem's God, don't let our house burn;' and he heard me, for our house did not burn."

So you see, dear children, here and there in the dark Indian homes "the morning light is breaking."

O, won't you all give more liberally, and pray more earnestly, for the heathen of this and all other lands? They cannot hear about Jesus, unless somebody tells them, and none can tell them unless they be sent. Won't you

ask dear papa and mama if they are doing all they possibly can to let the heathen know about the dear Jesus some of you love and are trying to serve?

Yours affectionately in Him,

LIDA J. HALLAM.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Ill., Campbell Hill, Children's Mission Band	2 shares
Minn., Nashville Center, "The Little Helpers"	2 shares
Minn., Nashville Center, "Cheerful Workers"	2 shares
Me., Dover and Foxcroft, S. S. class No. 8	1 share
Mich., Mason, Children's Band	1 share
Me., Lewiston, Junior A. F. C. E., Main St. ch.	1 share
N. H., Portsmouth, Junior A. F. C. E.	1 share
Mass., Haverhill, Class No. 5, Winter St., F. B. S. S.	1 share
Mich., Paw Paw, S. S.	2 shares
Me., Greene, two primary classes, F. B. S. S.	1 share
Mich., Kingston, "Emilie Barnes Mission Band"	1 share
N. H., Gonic, Junior A. F. C. E.	1 share
Me., North Lebanon, "Willing Workers"	1 share
Mich., Manton, F. B. Mission Band	1 share
Mich., Highland, Juvenile Mission Band	1 share
Mass., Melrose Highlands, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
N. H., Rochester, Junior A. C. F.	4 shares
N. Y., Poland, Junior C. E.	1 share
Me., Portland, Junior Endeavor Band, 1st F. B. church	2 shares
Me., Thorndike, S. S.	1 share
Me., Parsonfield, S. S.	1 share
Me., Parsonfield children	1 share
Me., Brunswick, First F. B. S. S.	1 share
N. H., Alton, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
Ill., Murphysboro, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
Me., Lewiston, Primary Dept. Pine St. S. S.	1 share
S. D., Valley Springs Mission Band	1 share
N. H., Milton, Junior A. C. F.	2 shares
Mich., Gobleville, A. C. F.	1 share
Me., Dover and Foxcroft, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
Mich., Jackson, Junior Society	1 share
Vt., West Charleston, Junior Society	1 share
R. I., Providence, Mrs. Mira H. Brayton, Park St. Aux.	1 share
Pa., Keeneyville, Children's Mission Band	1 share
N. H., Laconia, Junior C. E., First F. B. ch.	1 share
Me., South Windham, a friend	1 share
N. H., Concord, Curtis Memorial ch., Junior Dept.	1 share
N. H., Hampton, "Pearl Seekers"	1 share
N. H., Manchester, First F. B. ch., Junior A. C. F.	1 share
N. H., East Rochester, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
Vermont, Lyndon Center, Junior A. F. C. E.	1 share
Maine, Island Falls, F. B. S. S. class No. 5	1 share
Maine, E. Corinth, Mrs. J. N. Noble	1 share
Mich., Mason, Willing Workers	1 share
Mich., Summerville and Pokegon Mission Band	1 share
N. H., Lakeport, Junior C. E., Park St. ch.	1 share

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for May, 1897.

MAINE.

Augusta aux. T. O.	\$7.50
Augusta for Miss Coombs's salary	5.00
Bangor Mrs. J. J. Banks T. O.	2.00
Bath ladies' Miss. Soc. for child in S. O.	12.81
Bean aux.	9.00
Biddeford aux.	5.00
Caribou aux. T. O.	5.00
Center Lebanon a friend famine fund	1.00
Cumberland Conference col. T. O.	10.20
Dover and Foxcroft aux. T. O.	10.34
E. Dixfield F. B. ch. Miss. Soc. T. O.	4.30
Farmington Q. M. aux. for Eliz in S. O.	10.00
Gardiner F. B. ch. T. O.	4.75
Gardiner famine fund	1.00
Gray church	1.17
Greene aux. Miss Coombs's salary	7.25
Greene aux. famine fund	5.00
Greene general fund	5.02
Kennebec County friends for F. F.	4.00
Kingfield F. B. W. M. S.	7.00
Lewiston Pine St. F. B. ch. denial gift Mrs. N. J. Brackett	1.00
Mrs. S. B. Stevens	1.00
Lewiston Pine St. ch.	11.60
Lewiston Main St. aux. T. O.	22.85
Lisbon F. B. W. M. S. T. O.	4.50
Lisbon Lydia Chase F. F.	1.00
Litchfield Plains aux. for Tipperi and on L. M. of Gen. Soc. Mrs. M. K. Chase	13.00
Livermore Falls Miss. Soc. for F. M.	3.27
Livermore Falls T. O. (\$1.60 famine fund and \$4.24 for F. M.)	5.84
Lyman ladies of the F. B. ch. T. O.	1.00
Madison Bridge ch. aux. for Poma's sal.	7.50
Madison T. O.	4.00
New Portland 2d ch. aux. for general work	2.20
New Portland F. F.	1.75
No. Lebanon aux. bal. of L. M. in Me. Soc. of Mrs. S. E. Boston	4.00
No. Lebanon aux. T. O.	7.00
Oakland W. M. S. F. F.	2.00
Oakland G. W. S. F. F.	2.00
Oakland W. M. S. T. O.	5.50
Ocean Park Mrs. M. A. Fiske F. F.	1.00
Ocean Park Miss H. A. Deering F. F.	5.00
Portland 1st F. B. ch. aux. Miss Baker	5.00
Portland T. O. general fund	14.25
Portland T. O. famine	1.75
Portland Junior Ed. Band 2 shares Miss Barnes's salary	8.00
Roxbury Mrs. D. A. Gammon T. O.	2.00
Saco aux. T. O. \$20.56 Lydia Durgin	18.50
Saco aux. T. O. for Miss Coombs's salary	8.06
Sprague's Mills F. B. S. S. Elloise in S. O.	25.00
Steep Falls aux. T. O. \$4.35 for Mary Win- gate in S. O.	8.35
So. Parsonsfield aux. T. O. \$5 for L. M. of Gen. Soc. of Mrs. Hannah Pease	11.00
West Falmouth aux. T. O. general work	16.30
W. Falmouth aux. T. O. famine fund	2.00
W. Falmouth "Helping Hands" Miss Barnes	2.00
W. Danville ch. T. O. India	2.80
West Buxton aux. Miss Coombs	2.50
A friend for support of girl S. O.	25.00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Alton Junior A. C. F. Miss Barnes	4.00
Alton aux. (\$15 of which is T. O.)	20.52

Belknap Asso. col.	\$3.00
Bristol Mrs. O. G. Wells T. O.75
Bristol Denial Fund for famine50
Bow Lake aux. (\$5 for F. F.)	8.75
Center Sandwich aux. Miss Butts and Ind. Dept.	8.00
Center Sandwich aux. T. O. (\$10 for F. F.)	23.00
Danville aux. (Miss L. M. Elkins \$1 T. O. \$1 medical education)	2.00
Danville W. M. S. aux.	3.60
Danville "Golden Rule Workers" for Surilla Bearer in S. O.	25.00
Dover Hills H. and F. M. Soc. T. O. F. F.	8.00
Dover Mrs. R. E. Clark	1.00
Dover Hills Home and F. M. aux.	7.50
Dover T. O.	30.19
Eastern Asso. col.	2.67
Epsom ch. T. O.	22.41
Epsom Primary S. S. class Miss Barnes (\$1.50 of which is T. O.)	3.34
Epsom a friend for F. F.	1.00
Mrs. Leonard Stewart	1.00
Farmington Children's Band for H. Adams	13.00
Farmington ch.	5.00
Franklin Falls ch. T. O.	12.87
Franklin Falls aux.	7.16
Franklin Falls F. F.	2.00
Gonic A. F. C. E. Alma Seavey in S. O.	6.25
Gonic Mrs. Howe for Suni	12.50
Gonic Junior A. C. F.	1.00
Gonic W. M. S. public meeting (.50 of same toward F. F.)	5.27
Gonic aux. T. O.	18.75
Hampton "Pearl Seekers" for children in S. O.	5.15
Hampton aux. F. F.	12.62
Hampton aux.	11.05
Kittery Point J. M. Graham dues	1.00
Kittery Point T. O.	1.00
Lakeport ch. T. O.	1.00
Lakeport Junior C. E. of Park St. F. B. ch. for Miss Barnes	4.00
Lakeport aux. (\$29.50 of amount T. O.)	41.50
Laconia aux. (\$25.59 T. O.)	32.73
Loudon Center ch.	10.00
Manchester Miss L. B. Batchelder for Mrs. Smith	2.00
Manchester 1st F. B. ch. Miss. Soc.42
Meredith Village aux. T. O.	11.25
Meredith Village members due	0.25
Milton aux. Junior A. C. F. Miss Barnes	8.00
Milton H. and F. M. (\$7.50 T. O.)	11.00
Milton F. F.	5.00
New Market aux. for F. M.	13.00
New Market aux. for F. M.	2.25
New Durham aux. (\$2.75 T. O.)	7.75
New Hampton W. M. S. T. O.	9.25
Portsmouth Junior C. E. for Miss Barnes	1.00
Portsmouth aux.	3.00
Portsmouth	3.00
Reed's Ferry Mrs. E. P. Cogswell	1.00
Rochester Junior A. C. F.	12.00
Rochester True Memorial ch. aux. for school at Balasore	6.00
Rockingham Q. M. col.	5.12
Sandwich Q. M. col.	8.53
Somersworth T. O.	20.50
Strafford Corner aux. for Miss Butts and Storer	11.00
Walnut Grove aux.	5.00

West Lebanon F. M.	\$10.00
Wolboro aux. T. O. 1-2 G. F. 1-2 famine . . .	15 83
Wentworth Q. M. Yearly Meeting col.	7-31
Wentworth Ladies' Missionary Helper Band	5.69

VERMONT.

Burlington a friend F. F.	1.00
Enosburg Falls aux. for Mrs. Smith	8.25
No. Danville T. O. Mrs. Smith's salary	7-73
St. Johnsbury W. M. S. for Mrs. S.	10.42
St. Johnsbury famine sufferers from friends . .	5.00
St. Johnsbury C. E. for Harper's Ferry	6.25
So. Strafford ch. Mrs. E. Blake for Mrs. Smith	5.00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury ch. T. O.	5-14
Amesbury Junior A. C. F. for Miss Barnes . .	4.00
Dorchester Mrs. H. C. Perkins F. F.	2.00
Lowell Paige St. ch. (Mrs. E. S. Cole \$3 T. O. F. F. \$1 yearly dues \$1)	5.00
Lowell for teacher	6.25
Lowell Chelmsford St. ch. for N. teacher . . .	17-50
Lowell T. O.	17-50
Massachusetts State Association Dom. Sci. H. F.	10.00
Melrose T. O.57
Melrose Junior F. F.43
Melrose Highlands T. O.	7-00
Melrose Highlands Junior A. C. F. Miss Barnes	4.00
Melrose Highlands famine fund	1.00
Somerville aux. (\$20 T. O.)	27.00
Whitman ch. T. O.	14.00
Wellesley Olive S. Bean	1.00

RHODE ISLAND.

Arlington aux. \$1.15 T. O. \$1 F. F.	2.15
No. Scituate ch. \$1 F. M. \$1 F. F.	2.00
Norwood C. E. Soc. Beebe Phillips	5.00
Providence Park St. ch. aux. T. O. F. F. . . .	5.00
Mrs. Jordan F. F.	1.00

NEW YORK.

Batavia W. M. S. T. O. Dr. M. Bachelor . . .	4.00
Brooklyn Eva F. Baker S. O.	25.00
Brooklyn Eva F. Baker famine fund	10.00
Keuka College T. O.	6.68
Poland F. M.	15.00
Poland T. O. \$8.78 F. M. \$1 H. M. and \$22 for famine fund	31.78
W. Oneonta F. B. M. S. for native teacher . .	18.00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Marshfield ch. T. O. for F. M.	7.00
Spartansburg Mrs. O. A. Rogers T. O. for famine fund	1.00

OHIO.

Rio Grande C. E. and others famine fund . .	17.00
Rio Grande Ruth E. Brackett T. O.	3.00
Rutland a friend famine fund	3.00

INDIANA.

Brookston Warren Stewart and family famine fund	5.00
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ILLINOIS.

Englewood Ellen A. Copp famine fund	20.00
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MINNESOTA.

Crystal aux. T. O.	1.54
Delevan F. B. W. M. S. T. O.	12.50
Huntley S. S. Miss Barnes	7.00
Madena 1-2 H. and 1-2 F. M.	10.00
Minneapolis W. M. S. 1st F. B. ch. F. M. T. O.	37-50
Minneapolis W. M. S. 1st F. B. ch. Storer College	10.00

Nashville Center aux. F. M.	\$5 00
Nashville Center aux. Storer College	5.00
Nashville Center aux. F. M. T. O.	15.00

MICHIGAN.

Bay City Miss L. Schultzy T. O.	1.00
Cook's Prairie aux. \$2.25 F. M. \$2.50 H. M. .	5.05
Cook's Prairie \$2.50 F. M. \$2.50 H. M. . . .	5.00
Elsie aux. .71 H. M. .70 F. M.	1.41
Fairfield F. B. S. S. famine fund	2.60
Genesee Q. M. \$2.30 F. M. \$2.30 H. M. \$1.18 Storer	5.78
Gobleville aux. \$7.72 F. M. \$2.87 Storer . . .	10.59
Green Oak aux. 1-2 H. M. 1-2 F. M.	1.50
Highland J. M. Band Miss Barnes	6.00
Highland Jun. M. Band famine fund	1.50
Highland A. C. F. famine fund55
Hillsdale F. B. ch. famine fund \$39.60 and 2.00	41.60
Hillsdale T. O.	22.85
Hillsdale Norwood Ave. Mr. Porter famine fund	1.00
Hillsdale F. B. ch. class N. S. S. for Indian student	25.00
Hillsdale M. A. F. famine fund50
Hillsdale College Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. for F. M.	5.00
Hillsdale Miss M. E. Souther for Miss Barnes	1.00
Hillsdale Q. M. F. M.	54.98
Hillsdale Q. M. H. M.	13.49
Lansing Q. M. 1-2 F. M. 1-2 H. M.	1.50
Manton aux. 1-2 F. M. 1-2 H. M.	2.86
Manton Miss. Band F. M.	1.00
Mason "Willing Workers" Storer \$2 Miss Barnes \$4	6.00
Mason aux. F. M.	1.75
No. Reading ch. famine fund	8.72
Oakland Q. M. 1-2 F. M. 1-2 H. M.	1.50
Oshemo aux. 1-2 F. M. 1-2 H. M.	4.00
Oxford Q. M. 1-2 F. M. 1-2 H. M.	2.00
Paw Paw aux. \$2.57 F. M. \$2 H. M.	4.57
Ray Cook Miss Barnes52
Sanilac Q. M. 1-2 F. M. 1-2 H. M.	9.00
St. Joseph River aux. S. O.	1.65
St. Joseph River aux. S. O.	1.25
So. Litchfield aux. 1-2 F. M. 1-2 H. M. . . .	6.00
Summerville and Pokegon Miss. Band Miss Barnes	4.00
Union aux. F. M.	4.00
Union Mrs. E. Glover F. M.	1.00
W. Cambria Miss Band F. M.	14.60

IOWA.

Aurora aux. Miss Scott	2.50
Aurora Mrs. M. Miller Miss S.	1.00
Aurora Miss A. Miller Miss S.	1.00
Central City aux. Miss S.	7.75
Delaware and Clayton W. M. S. Miss S. . .	2.00
Edgewood aux. Miss S.	3.00
Lamont Aid Soc. Miss S.	4.00
Van Wert Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Brown T. O. .	2.00
Waubeek Mrs. M. E. Wiggins Miss S.	1.00

KANSAS.

Buffalo Valley F. B. ch. Mrs. D. J. Wheeler .	.25
Buffalo Valley Mrs. H. Ashley25
Buffalo Valley Mrs. A. Ashley10
Hickory Grove W. M. S. for F. M. T. O. . . .	3.00

MISCELLANEOUS.

A friend for Widows' Home at Balasore to be called the "Dorcas Smith Home"	1000.00
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Total \$2704.03

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Dover, N. H.

per EDYTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.